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A FURTHER LIST OF SHAKESPEAREANA CURIOSA. JUDGE HOLMES NEVER RECANTED. BRIEF RECORDS OF OLD FRIENDSHIPS, RICHARD GRANT WHITE, DR. R. M. THEOBALD. WILLIAM OSCAR BATES. A PLACE AND A REASON FOR THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY. THE CHEVALIER WYKOFF. GEORGE THE COUNT JOANNES. A FURTHER CHAPTER OF DR. MORGAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Prior Chapters, ante Vols. IV, 8; VI, 41;-95; VII, 33; VIII, 37:)

Shakespeare as a Manager and Theatrical proprietor, was (as he was perhaps obliged to be) as keenly alert to affairs: to what his fellow stage-wrights produced, as is any playwright of to-day! And he kept pace with his fellows and sometimes tossed them a Roland for an Oliver. For example: Jonson, in "Every Man Out of His Humor" introduced Sordido, who was the earliest operator on record to get up a "corner" in breadstuffs. Sordido thought that he foresaw a bad harvest and bought up all the corn in sight. When the prospect changed and he saw an inevitably abundant harvest he hanged himself. So Shakespeare pleasantly makes the drunken Porter in Macbeth, who imagines himself the keeper of Hell Gate, describe one of the candidates for the Everlasting Bonfire as "a farmer who hanged himself in expectation of plenty." And there are scores of such local and innuendo and current allusion. (In The Merry Wives alone there are half a dozen) throughout the Plays. Surely if there are Shakespearean scholars—fully equipped and accurate scholars as they are—who are so mentally constituted as to believe that these great transcripts of not only Nature and of the human heart but of current and local material, are mere adjustments of text to a lot of Ciphers or Acrostic signatures of Francis Bacon, or anagrams or witches palindromes—surely these fully equipped scholars should not be

surprised that other Shakespearean scholars quite as fully equipped perhaps, as themselves, are so obscessed with contempt for what seems to them (possibly from some congenital incapacity) mere childishness and puerile folly, that they decline to discuss the matter with them at all!

In chronicling the vagaries of persons who, from various standpoints, concern themselves with Shakespeare matter I should not have omitted mention of an obscessed German in Philadelphia who in 1878 went to the extent of making a "Map of Hamlet"—That "Map" lies before me, a large sheet, twenty by fifteen inches, colored red and green and blue and yellow and pink and dove as to "Streams of Thought"! These "Streams are however, subnominated by names of the particular character that injects the aforesaid "Stream of Thought" into some other colored Stream. Thus the "Stream of Thought" named "Claudius (in yellow) pushes itself into the Blue Stream of Thought labelled "Prince Hamlet"—while the "Stream" labelled "Gertrude" in a neutral grey, laps serenely only the margin of Prince Hamlet a broad strip of Azure, Ophelia in a slight pink rivulet only touches this Prince Hamlet blue blood at one point—the scene just preceeding the soliloquy on suicide, and her pretty pink does not even suggest itself in the graveyard scene. (Which seems to me an omission, as the only positive statement in the play concerning that poor colourless little lady is Hamlet's tardy declaration that he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers could have loved her, over her coffin. This map or diagram preceeded Donnelly by ten years; and if considerable at all, is only another proof of the fact that it takes a strong man to contemplate Shakespeare at all! Then followed rather an illiterate person named Church, of Detroit, who printed a pamphlet in which he demonstrated that in the New York Shakespeare Society's insignia (the earliest Herald's College tricking of the Coat of Arms) there was an undoubted reference to something occult that proved of course that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. (Whatever rubbish we get always proves *that!* And so the real and earnest study of the authorship problem, is handicapped always by the callow and half-baked, if not absolutely ignorant or crazy, persons who sieze on the apparent paradox of something "going about in other's name," to keep the Baconian Theory, which is entitled to serious examination: in the light of a gibberish to make the unthinking laugh and the judicious grieve. We must do Mr. Donnelly the credit (or discredit) to admit that for a season he impressed a sort of cipher fashion upon the public mind. Even the staid old North American Review (then edited by Allan Thorndike Rice (appealing in an editorial note, however to the motto selected for that Review by James

Russell Lowell "Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur) printed scores of pages of such rubbish as the triumphant extraction by wearying calculus, of the words "Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's Plays" from the Epitath, by a Mr. Hugh Black, to be followed by a Mr. Edward Gordon Clark who not only verified Mr. Black but elucidated as his own contribution such sentences as "Francis Bacon wrote here, Aye Aye," "Bacon raised deceased (or seedy) William" "Francis Bacon did," "Francis Bacon Hid". Bacon will narrate all Shakespeare here," and so on ad absurdum. Both Mr. Black and Mr. Clark found oracular stuff in the "Good Frend For Jesus Sake Forebeare." A. Mr. C. C. Montgomery has achieved a lot more kindred stuff out of the inscription on the mural Monument—"Judicio Pylium, etc.," and the English Siste Viator which follows. "Stay passenger why goest thou by so fast?" The only thing that arrested my attention in Mr. Clark's long screed in the North American (volume C X L V—423) was that he found the sentence "Jacques Pierre is all narrated here." Since in the Myth of ten years before, speculating as to the origin of the name "Shakespeare" I had suggested as a random thought that it may have been a Warwickshire pronunciation of the very common prenomen "Jacques Pierre." I felt rather proud to be persuaded of my second sight.

But the most elaborate and if possible the most ridiculous of all came in a big quarto at a big price "some acrostic signatures of Francis Bacon. Now for the first time discovered by Herbert Stone Booth! (This astonishing work was reviewed in New Shakespeareana, Vol. VIII, p. 108).

Having now so far as I can keep up with the Cipherists, admitted them all to this chronicle it remains to take up a few loose threads in these memoirs.

Did Judge Holmes (who after producing his "Authorship of Shakespeare" announced thus he had done with the subject "and passed on to other studies," ever recant? As to this I am favored by the kindness of Artemas H. Holmes, Esq., an eminent fellow-member of the New York City Bar, with an autograph letter from his uncle, the late Judge Nathaniel Holmes, dated November 23rd, 1899. Of this I quote the following:

"Now for the Bacon-Shakespeare matter. I must be very brief. In short I am now (I may say) pretty much done with the subject; the book has been out of print—also sold—for a year or more. I suggested a new issue with some additions, but the publisher advised to wait a while, and see if there would be any call for more to make it worth while, to which I answered, "I doubt if there will be any new issue. The book has already done its work and will continue to do so." I have thrown my more recent observations into a bound MS. volume, entitled "Bacon-Shakespeare" in

three parts (not more than thirty or forty pages of print,) one on the application of the folio of 1623 (by Bacon himself); the other on the Phoenix and Turtle by Wm. Shakespeare, and the other on the Pallas-Athena, the Spearershaker—the Speak-shaking Goddess of Athens, or the Athenia Minerva as the probable source whence Francis Bacon borrowed his nommede-plume "Shakespeare", (an Anglo Saxon word; the first appearing in the literature of the subject is in 1593). The theatre man's name was "Shaxper"—Celto-Gaelic "Chaekspeir" or "Schaeksper," from a Celtic word meaning Dryshank or Shrunkshank, and neither "Shaker" nor spear" at all; and the name was never written, spelled or pronounced "Shakespeare" by the illiterate William, nor anyone of his Gaelic family in Warwickshire (See Dr. Chas. Mowbray, the learned Celtic scholar.) As to Mr. Danish Brandes, I have only to say that his book is a superficial, shallow plausible re-hash of the ignorant immaterial stupid nonsense of all the enchanted "Shakespeare" tribe of imbeciles. I assure you (if it were the last words of my mortal life) that there is no more room to doubt that Francis Bacon was the author of the whole canon of the "Shakespeare" poetry than there is that he wrote the Novum Organum, and all the rest of his acknowledged prose writings; magna est veritas et prevalebit. Wishing you all prosperity and good health, and with kindest regards to all the members of your family, I remain Your affectionate cousin-uncle, Nathaniel Holmes."

This letter is valuable as showing that Judge Holmes did not (as I have heard it claimed) recant his heterodoxy". I do not find in any of the papers which Mr. Holmes kindly places in my hands the slightest memoranda on any of the numerous Baconian Ciphers. From which I conclude that Judge Holmes did not believe that, when we think we are witnessing a Shakespeare play, Macbeth or Hamlet or Othello. or Henry the Fourth, what we are really witnessing is a Cipher announcement of the Bacon authorship, as exploited in any of the numerous cryptographic propositions which I have here faithfully (and I fear as tediously to my readers as to my self) set down.

If only from the practical consideration that early communication between Old and New England was by means of small sailing vessels whose carrying capacity was limited—the only literature by way of printed books that came to their shores in colonial days was religious: Bibles, books of devotion, sermons and scriptural commentary. The first edition of Shakespeare which can be traced as arriving in New England was a copy of Theobold's edition of 1709, in six volumes. Certainly no better edition has ever existed for its valorous and valuable notes. Of the thousands of editions,

certainly no one has ever been so little discredited (if a particle of it was ever discredited at all) or is so largely preserved in successive editions. This edition appears by a catalogue of 1723, to have been in the library of Harvard College. When that library was destroyed by fire in 1764, it is interesting to note that among the earliest acquisitions of books to replace those lost in the fire was a copy of Pope's edition of Shakespeare, which was "presented by Jaspar Maudritt, of London, in 1764."

If I were asked who was the most brilliant Shakespeare Scholar that ever lived I should have no hesitation in naming Richard Grant White. And of all his brilliant achievements, the most brilliant was his announcement that the "Old Corrector" annotations to the plays were forgeries, long before the facts about Collier came out under the microscope: and when they were tacitly accepted by Mr. Collier's London fellow critics. And this announcement he made purely from his acquaintance with the plays and with Middle-English literature. Mr. White had barely seen the old corrector annotations reported: had never seen the work itself, when he asserted that "their author has not mastered any conception of the text he annotated"—has not appreciated its beauties nor comprehended the context of the parts he glossed—that they were not made before, but after, the Restoration, when Shakespeare's contemporaries were all dead—that they violated Shakespeare's sense of Dramatic propriety—that their author was ignorant of the tastes and customs of Shakespeare's day and was aware of no tastes or customs save those of the present day; that, after inserting a new reading haphazard, the "Old Collector" had deliberately altered the syntax of the other lines in order to maintain his forced reading, etc., etc. Moreover at the time that Mr. White printed these conclusions he was not supposed to be an exclusive Shakespeare specialist. Mr. White's penchant was music—and he had written much critically upon musical and technical Grammatical subjects before attracted to Shakespeare matters at all. I knew him only in his latter days. He most courteously answered some questions I once asked him with no little trepidation, (for his reputation was that of a cynic, and manifold were the stories of his bitter rejoinders to those that approached him.) His contempt for approbation of any sort, must have been sincere, for there is no record of his having moderated to any amount of praise, however subtile or delicate. When the brothers Duyckink were preparing their excellent cyclopaedia of American Literature and applied to Mr. White for his own preferential selection, he replied "I neither claim nor desire a place in American Literature, and I would rather be omitted." (Perhaps on the principle of the celebrity who said he would rather have posterity ask why his

country had not raised a monument to him than to ask why they had.) He told Mr. Allibone when that gentleman ventured to compliment him upon his "Shakespeare's Scholar" papers in Putnam's Monthly that he (White) "would not write a page to gain the reputation of all the Shakespeare Critics that ever lived. So I drew that Mr. White was patrician in his scholarship; that he considered that only patricians should be scholars, at all, that he had the same contempt for a proletarian scholar as Coriolanus had for the Roman who would "sit by the fire and want to know what's done i' the Capitol". I sent him a copy of the MYTH, however, taking my life in my hands. His acknowledgment was courtesy itself. "I thank you for your very interesting book and for the kindness which prompted you to oblige me with it," it ran. On the impulse of the moment, I asked for the privilege of calling, etc. No sooner had my request been mailed than I would have given anything to recall it. But Mr. White fixed a date and I called. Remembering the stories I had heard I made no allusion to Mr. White's own books or to his reputation as a Shakespearean nor even added an excuse for waiting upon him. Indeed we talked for most of the time about current matters. Finally Mr. White himself introduced Shakespeare. Picking up my MYTH from the table (I remember framing it in my own mind that perhaps he had only opened it at all when the time for my call came) he said "Mr. Morgan that is a very creditable tour de force. No doubt you could do as well in proving that there was no such young gentleman as Mr. Appleton Morgan." I said, "Well, Mr. White I once thought that I would tackle a sort of Law book—one of the legal-lore, rather than text-book, sort and call it 'The Failures of Evidence' but I never got further than Shakespeare-Bacon. "I don't know that I apprehend your meaning" he said. "Why" I answered "surely assuming that Shakespeare wrote the Plays, the evidence ought to show that it was at least possible!" "And why don't you find that it does show it?" "Because," I said,—and then we, or rather I—went over as much of the familiar ground as we had time for. As we parted Mr. White asked me to call again. But I never did. He had been outgrown by his time. His death although announced in every New York city newspaper attracted the merest handful of audience attended his funeral in Trinity Chapel in Twenty-sixth Street, New York City. So retired and apart had been the life of this most able and caustic of Shakespeare's students that even in life his name even was the exclusive possession of a mighty few. I saw at the funeral Frederick Saunders, himself in the Last Leaf, and I departed with the reflection that this old world might dry and shrivel up into a desert like the moon, for all that it seemed to care whether one did some-

what or added somewhat to its stores so long as one was dead and done for!

A sort of connection of Mr. White came later. One of my fellow incorporators and Charter members of The New York Shakespeare Society was Major A. Chalmers Hinton. Major Hinton was an attache of the New York Custom House and occupied the desk at which Richard Grant White sat for thirty years. When the old building was discarded and the Custom House moved into its palace at Bowling Green this old desk was chopped into kindling wood for the furnaces. I hope Major Hinton saved a fragment of it for upon it was doubtless written the best of Mr. White's criticisms. (Mr. White was always a laborious man in his library. He was quite at leisure in the Custom House, I have been told.) Major Hinton grew to be the good White Father of the Custom House. He dropped dead on the floor of his office one morning in November, 1909, and no one was more sincerely mourned. His facial resemblance to Senator Blaine was an absolute duplication! Peace to his ashes!

Another of my delightful friendships has been that of the venerable doctor R. M. Theobold of London now in his ninetieth (1909) year, "the grand old man" of the Baconian camp. He at least is a living rebuttal of the suspicion that only half-educated and half-baked persons find in that theory the fullest field for intellectual absorption. Certainly Dr. Theobold is a ripe scholar, who has not only taken all the Classics—but all mathematics and logistics and music and, as nearly as anyone man ever came to it. Everything—for his province). In London whatever is said on the Baconian side with or after consultation with Dr. Theobold is usually treated with the deference of being let alone by the other side. When Dr. Theobold saw my comment (NEW SHAKESPEARANA Vol. VI, page 47) that, so far as I could fix upon dates from persons yet living, Mr. Emerson was the first real Shakespearean authorship doubter, he (Dr. Theobold) wrote me "Emerson and Martineau—par nobile fratres, are both present in my memory. I heard Emerson lecture at Glasgow nearly sixty years ago, was introduced to him, and walked side by side with him on his way to his hotel after delivering the lecture. My belief is that Miss Delia Bacon made a stronger impression on him than on Martineau, and that Emerson was truly a Baconian. His lecture on Shakespeare—as one of the "Representative Men"—shows how completely Shakespeare the poet was detached in his mind from Shakespeare the theatrical manager, and how impossible he found it to, "marry Shakespeare the Dramatist to Shakespeare the man of the biographies!

"Hepworth Dixon" continues Dr. Theobald, "also wrote to me in reference to the Baconian Shakespeare question, and admitted that there was a great deal to be said in its favour and that he himself was occupied with that as a branch of his Baconian studies. But nothing ever came of this, and I have never heard that he left anything which refers to the question. As Editor of the Bacon Journal, and a frequent writer on Bacon-Shakespeare questions I have had correspondents all over the world,—France, India, Germany, Africa and America, and it is not a little gratifying to me to find Baconian visitors to England careful to arrange some visit or personal intercourse with me."

"I became acquainted with old Mr. W. H. Smith very early in my Baconian career, and he was very much interested in all my parallelisms. He was then very old and feeble. Dr. Zerffi and he were on very intimate terms. Dr. Zerffi was a professor at University College, and a good Baconian, and spoke at the first meeting of the Bacon Society held at Mr. Pott's house. He spoke with a rolling, round German accent. I remember a visit to old W. H. Smith who was in bed and very feeble, and Dr. Zerffi called, and when we had exchanged greetings he put on a sacerdotal air and asked old Smith why he was in bed! "It is for your sins", he roared out, I met Mr. Moncure Conway, who was a very dogmatic Anti-Baconian, and in his Emersonian style put to himself the question "Who wrote Shakespeare?"—and supplied a fantastic Emersonian answer.—Shakespeare was the product of the age,—it was written by the soul of the sixteenth century,—the spirit of the Renaissance wrote Shakespeare,—it speaks the language of all antiquity. Homer and Virgil and Ovid wrote Shakespeare,—and so on with some such rant as this—not the same but of this type. And so I burst out,—"And therefore all the more likely to have been "penned by a man who took all knowledge into his province",—and Moncure Conway had no answer to this. I had frequent correspondence with Spedding and he lent me some of his unpublished manuscripts, but we did not discuss the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare, but were mainly concerned with his vindications of Bacon's character. It seemed to me that he had committed himself to an Anti-Shakespearean attitude, and when speaking or writing on this question,—as in his well known letter to Judge Holmes,—he spoke with less than his usual accuracy and discernment, or he never would have committed himself to such a rash assertion as that,—"I doubt whether there are five lines together which are to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare, or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with the several styles and practised in

such observation." (But of course resemblances or rather the recognitions of resemblances are matters of opinion.

One of the best Baconians I ever met is Sir Francis Cruise, M. D.—royal physician in Dublin. He is a sort of pioneer of Baconianism in Ireland, and considers Father Sutton one of his best converts. He is variously accomplished, has invented a curious instrument called the Syphgmometer for registering the force and tension of the pulse, and finds unexpected diagnostic and prognostic lights given by its use. Father Sutton is a charming old Jesuit priest and as tolerant and sympathetic as any heretic living. I am sure he would not use the rack or the thumb-screw or the stake for any sinner; for the rankest he would find the excuse of "invincible ignorance" a doctrine which ought to cancel all the anathemas ever uttered by his church. Mr. Begley I did not know personally till he was fatally ill,—but we had had much intercourse by writing before that, and I was prepared to meet him with cordial friendship. He was a most learned man, and his large library was sold after his death for over £800, and was worth three times as much. I once had the temerity to write, asking a question, to Mr. Furnivall. The only answer I received was a suggestion that I should put myself under the charge of a lunatic asylum and be well taken care of till I had regained my wits. Gerald Massey whom I knew intimately in early manhood,—a charming companion and a delightful poet, but if the Baconian question presented itself his charm vanished and he ceased to be endurable. The fury of theological controversy has expired—the temper of it survives. But perhaps all orthodoxy is apt to be intolerant and contemptuous in all departments. [Dr. Theobald is of course speaking of England. There is nothing of the sort over here in America. The utmost complaint that Baconians can make of their reception over here is that they are classed with the cipherist and their arguments received with a smile or with good humored banter.

(And in leaving my proposition that Emerson and not Delia Bacon was the earliest Shakespearean authorship doubter in America—there were plenty of doubters in England in the days of Malone—I will note that Mr. Frank B. Sanborn of Cambridge, a life-long intimate of Emerson in commenting upon my proposition in the Springfield Republican, while denying its possibility, really it seems to me to make it very plausible indeed! Says Mr. Sanborn "Miss Bacon died in her insanity, which was probably hastened though not caused, by her lonely meditations on the greatest genius in literature, which she was forced to explain as a plurality in unity. That Emerson had a similar thought, without specifying any one man as the chief force

in this literary co-operative union, is what I have gathered from his writings and his talk."

In the St. Paul days when I met Ignatus Donnelly and Governor Davis —I also first met William Oscar Bates, for seventeen years the Recording Secretary of the New Shakespeare Society, who is still near me in the flesh. Other friends I made in that lovely town have arrived and "gone" across the bourne which none recross. But Mr. Bates is still with me and we are still together in warmth of attachment and wearing mutually well, summer and winter too! We can each disagree upon all the other swears to, and keep the piquancy of existence thereby, Mr. Bates has a genius for dramatic situation, if one can only induce him to indulge it. His "Little Rodney" is a genre picture so exquisite that one forgets that it is really a Stage-play. His little "curtain raiser" in which the motif and action are an auction sale of Persian rugs, is cameo-like in daintiness and that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, in a better sense than Ulysses. But is content to aggravate us by things like these and run a mere newspaper to boil his pot! The longer I live en rapport with Shakespeare matters the more I am convinced that it is only on the stage that we can have Shakespeare in his purity— Shakespeare pure and simple. Except the Bankside Shakespeare (which was printed in so limited an edition as to be practically inaccessible), there is no edition that has not some Editor with a "Theory" or a "System" or a "Purpose." Shakespeare, of all poets was the one who did not feel obliged to teach anything, no moral or immoral lesson was he conscious of. He did not even reward his good charcaters and punish his bad ones. As a rule his bad characters get off with concessions, if not with actual reward. He did not read his bible (if he ever saw a copy other than the copy of the "Bishop's Bible chained in Stratford Church, or at Paul's Cross) and seems to have almost deliberately taken his bible stories from the Miracle plays or the tapestries (the "painted cloths" of his date.) We have not half a dozen actual records of his personally all told. But one of these states that he died as did Addison, in his cups (and a very respectable way of dying it was too —in the old days of deep polations. Did it ever occur to any of the gentlemen who make so much fuss about the personal habits of Edgar Poe— that the worst thing they can say about him is that he died—as Shakespeare and Addison died—of over drinking?)

Shakespeare was a stockholder in two theatres and concerned in their management. As to what the theatres of that day were we need not read Stubbes and Northcote—we need only know that they were not considered desirable by the London authorities who time and again suppressed them un-

til they were driven to maintain themselves over on the Surrey shore. So we may conclude that at least they were not Sunday Schools, nor Shakespeare himself a trumpeter in the Salvation Army. That his plays are incomparably cleaner and purer than those of his contemporaries we do know, and if one will compare sundry of his plays—or the incidents in them with the models he worked from one will see how he cleansed and purified. One would hardly care, for example, to repeat the story from which Shakespeare drew the story of the three caskets in the Merchant of Venice to ears polite!

But it is easy to cavil at Editors and commentators. Easier still to forget that to their labors we owe the ease with which we read the plays, or read them at all—escaping all the confusion and chaos of the broken texts—expressed in careless typography and indeterminate logotypes. There is no more thankless a task than the Shakespeare scholar as an editor or commentator has chosen for his province. Were it not that labor we delight in physics pain, we would barely have any Shakespeare in our libraries to-day! The only editor that seems ever to have gotten any fun out of his hard work was George Stevens. Nothing could keep him from his little joke; and when he bethought himself of some atrocious or otherwise unprintable note or gloss of some passage that The Young Person ought not to fathom) he signed that note with the names of one or the other of two highly respectable clergymen in his vicinity whom la Dactor Fell he did not truly or immeasurably love. These two Reverend persons were respectively, The Rev. Richard Amner and the Rev. John Collins. (The notes assigned to the first named by printer's error were of course most often quoted, when quoted at all; as Steevens' "American Notes" by the way!)

I do not think that Dr. Johnson was in any respect a Great Editor of Shakespeare. His Preface, is to be sure, not only the most magnificent eulogy of Shakespeare ever penned but perhaps altogether the noblest piece of English prose in existence. But his textual criticisms were mostly finicky and of small account. One of his notes on Hamlet is "The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth") as if Hamlet was a low comedy character!

He can find no excitement in that Crispin speech of Henry the fifth on the eve of Agincourt, which few men of English blood can read even to-day without choking throats. His sole comment is "The feast of Crispin passes by without mention of Agincourt, and so the King's prophesy is unfulfilled." He "holds his farthing candle to the sun" by explaining "Now o'er the one half world Nature seems dead, etc.," to mean that "over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased." He objects to the use of the word

"knife" in the same soliloquy, because a knife "is a mean instrument used by butchers." He says that "Heaven" could not "peep through the blanket of the dark"—and so throws out that metaphor as strained, "for, who without some relaxation of his gravity, can hear of the avengers of guilt peeping through a blanket?" On such an indifferent line as, "set down your venerable burthen," he asks "Is it not likely that Shakespeare had in mind this line of the Metamorphoses—Patremque fert humeros venerabille onus Cytherius heros?" (which is remarkable when in his own Preface he had just laughed at the pundit commentators, saying "I have found it remarked that in this important sentence, 'Go before. I'll follow,' we read a translation of 'I prae, sequar'," etc., etc. I certainly think that such things as these ought to make us charitable of our Baconian fellow-students who imagine that they find exterior evidence to their postulates everywhere in and about the Plays themselves. As I write these reminiscences my attention is called to an issue of the London "Observer" of date October 17th, 1909, in which a Mr. William Smedley asserts that First Folio Shakespeare was published in the year 1623 because "the figures composing that date possess "peculiar properties whereby a scale of numbers may be deduced." To ordinary intellects, the First Folio was printed in 1623 because in that year Mrs. Shakespeare (relict of William) died, thus releasing whatever rights she had by life-estate or otherwise—in the sixteen Plays not already entered in the Records of The Stationers Company. This surmise appeals to ones common sense because on November 8th, 1623, Jaggard and Blount entered for their copy on these Registers the names of these sixteen Plays. No lawyer, with these facts before him, could conjecture otherwise that that this coincidence of dates meant or inferred that Mrs. Shakespeare had possessed some authority to withhold these plays from publication for reasons best known to herself which reasons failed or title lapsed with her death. (Possibly, being a Puritan and considering stage plays and all things theatrical as instruments of the Devil, she suppressed them by sacrisanct advice—more probably she held out for more lucrative offers—the Puritan did not always object to his neighbour being damned in the next world if the cash was satisfactory in this—which we cannot find fault with, since it has preserved to us sixteen Shakespeare plays which otherwise we would never have possessed! Her death then, having released these sixteen plays they were printed and published. Of course one cannot write much about Shakespeare things without indulging in more or less conjecture and of course conjecture that runs all fours with facts and records is to be preferred. But, between asserting that Shakespeare could not make one of his characters advise another to lay down

his burden without borrowing that advice from Ovid, and asserting that the date of publication of a book was chosen for an occult reason, I can't myself see much difference of absurdity. These Johnson notes Dr. Walter Raleigh has recently thrown all together in a book with the splendid Preface and he speaks with enthusiasm of them. But, for my part, I think Dr. Johnson exhausted his services to Shakespeare in that Preface! His notes lead one to suspect that he was either tired or bored, or what is doubtless the fact, was working at top speed to get his edition into the hands of the subscribers whose cash he had taken so long in advance that the wags had begun to take notice in such pasquindes as the well known: He for subscribers baits his hook and takes your cash! But where's the Book?

When we founded the New York Shakespeare Society there was actually a vacancy for it. The first Shakespeare Society was established in London and did noble work. Its publications are the most valuable set of Shakespeare books ever printed. But it came to an all too-early death by the ambition of one of its most trusted members, John Payne Collier. The discovery of his forgery of one set of publications at once threw doubt upon so many of the Society's Publications that the Society itself disappeared; and to-day we are absolutely afraid to quote or even to allude to that most valuable original record of the Shakespeare date "Henslowe's Diary" because the original was placed in Mr. Collier's hands for editing. As it was, it was written in many styles of chirography, and how many entries were added in the plentiful blank spaces in still more chirographies by Mr. Collier himself, there is no means of knowing short of a chemical analysis which would effectually destroy the copy itself. The immense mass of forgeries of Mr. Collier can only be appreciated by consulting Dr. Ingleby's "Complete View": The Ireland Forgeries did no harm. A few fussy old pundits were led to drop on their knees and kiss them as relics of the Great Dramatist but the best done of them all would not fool an infant to-day and did not fool anybody long even then. "Chimney sweeps and coal heavers set the critics right in five seconds," said Charles Reade alluding to the fact that when an Ireland play ("Vortegern") was mounted at Drury lane it was hooted off the stage." But Collier did Shakespeare scholarship an incalculable injury, because unfortunately he was a scholar himself. He died so utterly unnoticed that his funeral was noticed in the newspapers as "Funeral of John Payne—a Collier."

Almost a quarter of a century elapsed before a second Shakespeare Society was founded. This was the "New Shakespeare Society of London only alas to come to an almost similar end through the vagaries of one man. Only poor Collier's sin was Ambition. Mr. Furnivall's must be called by

some other name. This Society was founded by Dr. F. J. Furnivall and at once attracted an eminent membership, even Dr. Halliwell-Phillips the veteran Shakespearean of forty years becoming a member though as he was getting on in years he contributed no papers and was honored for contenting himself with a pure advisory participation in the Society's work. Dr. Furnivall without any very strenuous opposition succeeded in christening the Society "The New Shakspere" (sic) Society thus at the outset impressing one of his theories upon it.

The new Society did magnificent work, and a full set of its Papers and Publications is a desideratum always. But it had not lived long before the seeds of disruption began to sprout. One of Dr. Furnivall's precious Theories was that the dates of composition of the Shakespeare Plays could be ascertained by counting the stopped and unstopped endings, etc., (a theory not original, having been suggested by Bathhurst many a year before, and given some countenance by Spedding who however applied it to the discovery of authorship rather than of dates,) and he soon had the whole society counting syllables. Now there is no doubt at all that the earlier published Shakespeare plays were in rhyme, and that the later ones discarded rhyme and adopted in its stead the Marlowe blank verse, (which is of course tantamount to saying that Shakespeare, finding that his actors delivered blank verse more readily than rhyme wrote his later plays in blank unrhymed verse. But it was not long before Dr. Furnivall had the Society ramifying this discovery into subdivisions and sub-divisions and sub-sub divisions. Not only were there "stopped" and "unstopped" endings but "weak lines" and "run-on lines" and heaven knows what! and the spectacle of grave gentlemen counting upon their fingers-ends, could not fail to sooner or later tempt the wits of the town! To have selected any one orthography of the title name for the style of the Society was well enough (one had to be thankful that it was not called the Wilm Shaxper Society.) But to subordinate the entire machinery of a body of scholars to a single by-theory or side issue was a spectacle for gods and men. At any rate one gentleman who could not resist the temptation to laugh, was the poet Swinburne. In his "Studies in Shakespeare," he inserted a burlesque report of a meeting of the New Shakespeare Society which he called "The Newest Shakespeare Society," (the initials of the speakers being not hard to locate)—The sarcasm was good-natured and as far as possible from any truth. It is nothing worse than this sample:

Mr. B.— must remind the Society that there was a more weighty kind of evidence than that adduced by Mr. A. and to this he doubted not they

would defer. He could prove by a tabulated statement that the word "to" and "from" occurred on an average from seven to nine times in every play of Chapman, whereas in the play under consideration the word "to" occurred exactly twelve times and the word "from" precisely ten. He was therefore of opinion that the authorship should in all probability be assigned to Anthony Munday.

Mr. F.—proceeded to read his paper on the date of Othello and on the various parts of that play respectively assigning them to Samuel Rowley, to George Wilkins and to Robert Daborne. It was evident that the story of Othello and Desdemona was originally quite distinct from that part of the play in which Iago was a leading character. This he was prepared to show at some length, by means of the weak-ending test, the light ending test, the double ending test, the trifle ending test, the run on line test and the central pause test." "The president in summing up this work, adding that by such processes as had been applied they trusted in a few years to subvert all theories which had hitherto been held and to extripate all ideas which had hitherto been cherished. * * * They had with them the incomparable critics of Germany, men whose knowledge and judgment on all questions of English literature were as far beyond the reach of their English followers as the freedom and enlightenment enjoyed by the subjects of a military empire were beyond the reach of citizens of a Democratic republic. . . . Still there remained much to be done, in witness of which we proposed to lay before them at their next meeting the complete body of evidence by means of which he was prepared to demonstrate that some considerable portion if not the greater part of the plays hitherto assigned to Shakespeare was due to the collaboration of a contemporary actor and poet, well known by name, but hitherto insufficiently appreciated—Robert Armin —Author of A Nest of Ninnies!"

Certainly this was fair play. Certainly the other members of the Society only laughed—and pardoned because they laughed, as Henry IV said when he saw his constables caricatured. But Mr. Furnivall could not laugh and therefore could not pardon. His fury, unlike Ancient Pistol's could not "abate." But the crowning horror came when Mr. Swinburne actually had the temerity to dedicate his work to Dr. Halliwell-Phillips, and Dr. Halliwell Phillips (probably without asking permission of Dr. Furnivall and doubtless without ever having read the book) certainly accepted the dedication. Then followed a performance which surely was the least dignified performance which the history of Shakespearean "wars" has ever (or probably shall ever) chronicle. Without consultation of his colleagues Mr. Furnivall

printed a pamphlet. "Pigsbrook & Co." (Swine-Pigs-Burne-brook—ergo Pigsbrook. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps was the "Co." This work abounded in gems like these—"I cut him [Dr. Halliwell Phillipps] dead and threw his letter into the waste basket." "How much more manly"—[Furnivall's opinion on Manliness] "it would have been for him to stand up and fight his own battles than to go whining to our President like a little sneak at school. Please Sir Furnivall's been rapping my knuckles. I never done nothin' to him. You punish him," "Just fancy you or me going to the President of the Society of Antiquaries and saying "Here is Mr. Hall. P. F. S. A. been swearing at me. Please stop him! Wouldn't that be a joke? Mr. Hall P. was a member of our Society and hadn't a word to say against its Constitution but he gets his kunckles rapped for insolence and then all is changed." "As to myself it used to be "You're a devilish clever fellow. There are some devilish fresh and original views in that Introduction [alluding to the introduction to the "Leopold edition"] of yours. I bought four copies of it."

This remarkable pamphlet alludes to Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps as "Hell P". "I think all the Hells are altered but the best abbreviation for his name is JOHP "Mr. Hall Phillipps," "Mr. Hall P.," "Mr. H-ll O.," "Mr. Hl Phillipps," "J. C. Hell-P.," "Mr. Hll Phillipps," "Mr. J. C. Hell-P.," "Mr. H. P. Hell P.," etc., etc.

It happened that Mr. Robert Browning had been elected, much against his will, President of "the New Shakspere Society, upon Furnivall's nomination and had accepted the official honor. Dr. Halliwell Phillipps wrote him a brief and dignified note calling attention to the impossibility that the Society could exist for a moment if this sort of thing were permitted, that no self-respecting person would permit his name to be associated with it. Mr. Browning replied in a non-committal note disclaiming any responsibility for the Society of which he asserted that he was only a reluctant and sort of titular president and that the devotees of the "Gentle"Shakespeare should be gentle to each other. But Mr. Furnivall besides his other industries, had "founded a Browning Society (which led some wag to say that since no one man could understand Browning's poetry, a corporation was necessary) and Mr. Browning could hardly offend his chief incense burner! But the damage was done and sufficient resignations followed to put the Society dehors any further possibilities of usefulness and it vanished away like Mr. Carroll's Snark. "It may thereafter have a few struggling and straggling meetings, but it was as dead as a door nail. Mr. Furnivall thereafter for many years would attempt to raise the ghost of it, would occasionally get

something into print numbered consecutively after the last of its papers. But eventually the resurrection was no longer attempted. The many really valuable papers of the Society were afterwards mostly reprinted by private enterprise and are among our accessible Shakespeareana. So by disappearance of these two the room was made for our New York Shakespeare Society which has already (1909) surpassed in years either of these. Upon seeing the formation of our society announced, Dr. Barnard, president of Columbia university, wrote me that his idea of a university was that it should draw to itself all the intellectual activity of its environment and invited the society to hold its meetings within the walls of that institution. During its first years therefore, the Society held monthly meetings in one of the Halls of Columbia University at Forty-ninth street and Madison Avenue New York City. On these evenings which papers were read and afterwards debated by members or any guests present. But we soon found that the run of debates on scholarly matters even without preparation amount to very little of edification and usually one gentleman (and he the least informed) did all the talking and as these meetings were announced in the newspapers and reporters were usually present, I was on pins and needles lest this long-talker should say something so actively silly that the reporter (who at about that time had caught the method introduced by *The Sun* of reporting almost everything humorously) would report it as the dictum of discovery of the Society. At last the time came. One evening when I was in the chair other matters called my attention for a moment and a certain gentleman rose and said that he had discovered "that Shakespeare had a Hamlet side and a Romeo side to his nature"! It was not as deep as a Well nor as broad as a church door. But it was enough, it served! and the next morning one newspaper gravely announced that wondrous discovery as a sample of the work of our Society. It did us good in the end, for I resolved that only as a Publication Society could we attain any dignity or respect, and my colleagues agreed that if I could find the capital I might change the nature of the Society. I did find the capital. The society in the twenty-five years of my administration published about forty volumes including the Bankside and the Bankside Restoration Shakespeares each original in conception, besides several original works that attracted wide attention and are parcel of every important collection of Shakespeareana in any land. I have never seen an adverse criticism of any of these works, and in no case, barring the case just mentioned, was the Society or its results spoken of except with honour and respect. (This gentleman did not remain with us long. After his departure he published five volumes of Shakespearean criticism such as the

world had never seen before and surely can never hope to see again. As contributions to the gaiety of nations they should not be willingly let die. I remember at this moment only one of his passages—(he conducted his commentary according to the Perapatetic method by questions and answers. For example the student asks why Cordelia's mother is not introduced—and the Diasculos answers—(of course I am paraphrasing—not having these valuable works before me) "Why Shakespeare knew that his Play was poignant enough without any Mother in it!"

Under the charter of the New York Shakespeare Society only gentlemen were admitted to membership. At about the same time there was organized a Society, admitting both ladies and gentlemen and to avoid our title was incorporated as the New York City Shakespeare Club, November 1st, 1889. At the initial meeting of this club I was invited to make the Inaugural address and I chose for my subject "The Society and the Fad. "The Society" was, of course, a Shakespeare Society, and the "Fad" the rather prevalent appetite at the time of starting Browning Societies. The latter I claimed were not and could not be anything more than Parsing Societies that is, societies organized to find out, if possible, what Mr. Browning happened to be thinking of—what was running in his mind—at the time that he produced his Alfred Jingle dabs at sentences, and spasms of speech; and that, even if one went at this quest seriously, and dug away, there was nothing really there to reward the digging, nothing to unearth except what one amply knew before—that, for example, right was right and wrong was wrong—that to be virtuous was to be happy, and that everything was bound to come out all right anyhow and that we were in for it anyhow and—as the colored person said, "we done got along somehow."—that it was hardly worth while to incorporate Societies to let empty buckets into empty wells and be enthusiastic because we drew nothing out." I remember trying my hand at a Browning passage and I contrasted this exercise with what a real Shakespeare Society had done and could do, to wit: The difference between a gentleman of leisure who could write a poem like "the Ring and the Book," in two vast volumes and the incomparable artist that could pack ten volumes into ten words. My prophesy that the Browning society would pass away and that the Shakespeare Society would always remain and find quarry has long since been fulfilled. But that address, put into several forms went to a wide readership, and some of the comments upon it were valuable as self confessions, they were gathered together in the old "SHAKESPEAREANA" of May 1890 and make very interesting reading. Twenty years after I revised much of my opinion on Browning. One cannot write millions of words

without much that is matter for consideration. Browning's single poems, polished and perfected, are surely fine. And the Johnsonian Canon, that while one lives he is to be estimated by his worst, but after death, only by his best, will no doubt place Browning among the Immortals!

The venerable joke about Shakespeare having been written not by Shakespeare but by another gentleman of the same name which (as I write this (1909) I see welcome still in London circles anent Dr. Wallace's discoveries, appears to have been originated by the late Charles Flower senior in the year 1856. In his reminiscences of Delia Bacon Mr. Flower says "when I called upon her I made (that remark). But that Miss Bacon soon gave me to unmistakably understand that that sort of thing would not do at all." I heard that joke myself for the first time in a "Judge and Jury" on Houston Street New York City in 1867 or1868. (As these Chapters are reminiscent I may explain that a "Judge and Jury" was a mock trial held at some Chop House where the Judge and Lawyers wore the Wig and Gown and the jury were solemnly impanelled from guests as they came in, until the tale was full. At that date the fine old-English born Chop House with its "chops at twelve o'clock sir" and its "Joints at three o'clock Sir," and its pewters of Yorkshire Stingo or Old Burton (Bass's Ale had not come into general favor) abounded. Even Churchwarden "pipes were the rule at these dear old Chop houses. Cigarettes were an invention of the greaser and the cigarette case had yet twenty-five years to come to replace the snuff box of old days! (Ah those chop houses! With their tables of ebony surface polished until one's face shone in them and the stalls—"old boxes larded with the steam of thirty thousand dinners," where the good Samaritan of a proprietor spent his capital on the food instead of on the furniture and the frescos, where are they? Ou sont les Neiges d' Antin!)

Although I never heard him express an opinion on Shakespeare matter, I can't forbear mentioning a gentleman whose acquaintance I made through some of my published speculations, and who certainly had a history absolutely unique—Henry Wyckoff.

In the early eighties one could find always in the lobby of the Astor house, at from noon to three o'clock this dignified and courteous gentleman who went by the name of "Chevalier Wycoff" a title his by patent from her Most Catholic Majesty, the Queen Isabella of Spain, Castille and Arragon. To one approaching him he was oblivious. But to one properly accredited he was affable, courtly and communicative. As I remember he personally resembled Henry Villard (whom I afterwards knew in Northern Pacific matters). But his portrait in his reminiscences of an "Idler" does not show pre-

cisely the gentleman I knew. (Possibly he selected for frontispiece to that book—an earlier daugerreotype.) He most reluctantly spoke of his own past, except as to reminiscence of travel or adventure. Indeed his career was so unique and extraordinary that one can only pursue it with the reflection that truth is stranger than fiction and that it is all too strange *not* to be true. Henry Wycoff was the son of a Dr. Wycoff of Philadelphia an unusually rich man of the date (1813) who owned the entire township of Blakely-Schuylkill. Dr. Wicoff, dying, left his estates to Trustees who were guardians of his son Henry. These guardians compelled Henry to complete a College course. He therefore was matriculated at Harvard but was, for some boyish prank expelled. Application was therefore made to Union College, then under the presidency of the famous Eliphalet Nott, (who achieved so advanced an age that the Collegians had a conundrum "Why is Dr. Nott like kind words, answer because he can never die") Dr. Nott on young Wicoff's application, said "I have heard of you Sir and your career at Harvard, I will admit you in case that you comply with our regulations. But I doubt it". Wycoff did comply and was duly graduated. His guardians then insisted on his entering the Law school of the Pennsylvania University and he complied and was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar. But on attaining his majority he preferred the role of a gentleman of leisure. He travelled in Europe, in Russia, Turkey, everywhere, His delightful personality, engaging manner coupled with his wealth gave him an entré everywhere. He sought, and conquered. The lists of the friends he made actually included every prominent man in Europe at the date. He was Cher Ami with Louis Philippe, then King of France, but he also visited the Prince Napoleon, then a prisoner of state in the Castle of Ham. In England he knew everybody, including the Count d'Orsay (of whom he afterwards wrote a biography). In London he became the friend of Prince Joseph Bonaparte who asked but him to attend the ceremonies of the second funeral of Napoleon and to bring to him in London the personal relics of his brother the Emperor. This Mr. Wycoff did, and the uniforms, medals and personal plate shipped from St. Helena were intrusted to his care and brought safely to Prince Joseph. Becoming interested in Fanny Elsler the wonderful Austrian dancer whose dancing Emerson said was poetry, but which Margaret Fuller said was religion. He negotiated with a manager for an hundred nights in New York City. But the manager dying Mr. Wycoff brought her over himself, and the venture was an enormous success.

When Prince Napoleon became President of the first French Republic Mr. Wycoff was very near him in friendship. At the request of the Amer-

ican Minister at the Court of St. James he became attached to that legation when he was called to Philadelphia on business affairs. On returning to Paris he dropped into the office of the British legation where the Chargé, a Mr. Edwards, said to him: "How would you like to meet Lord Palmerston?" on Mr. Wycoff replying that he would of course esteem it, etc., etc. It was arranged that Mr. Wycoff should go to London and send his card to that distinguished nobleman, then Premier of Great Britain. The upshot was that Mr. Wycoff was invited to become a guest at his Lordship's country seat while there his Lordship said, "Mr. Wycoff how would you like to assist me in keeping the peace of Europe?" Mr. Wycoff was non-plussed of course, but the result was that he became an attaché of the British Foreign office, and (so far as I can gather from reading his autibiography spent the rest of his time in trying to discover what duties he was expected to perform.) Meanwhile—and now comes the romance—he had become engaged to an American lady, a Miss Gamble, an heiress, but living in London. Following her to Naples he was suddenly arrested for abduction! thrown into a loathsome dungeon. Regarding it however, as one of the vagaries of his lady love, he merely sent for a lawyer, expecting to be freed the next morning and not unhappy at adding another chapter to his varied experiences. But his lawyer discovered that not Miss Gamble but the British Foreign office was behind the prosecution. Mr. Wycoff was found guilty by a Neapolitan Court of abducting the lady he was engaged to marry, was convicted and actually imprisoned for a year in a filthy Neapolitan prison, suffering from heat, vermin and every other loathsome situation. He was never able to obtain any redress from anybody, or any official recognition of even the fact that he existed or had a grievance—even by the American secretary of state, he was given to understand that no diplomatic knowledge of himself or of his imprisonment existed anywhere.

There was never of course any explanation. But on re-reading one of Mr. Wycoff's volumes ("My courtship and its consequences," a copy of which he presented me). I have thought that the explanation was that Mr. Wycoff by temperament and training, was unable to appreciate Ulysses' wisdom.

"—— to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion like a rusty nail
In monumental mockery.

* * * * *

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin

That all with one consent praise present gawds
And give to dust that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted!"

In other words, Mr. Wycoff was unable to learn that first lesson of a public servant, namely that when he had been used and his usefulness was ended, he must be tossed aside like a discarded glove. Whatever use for him Lord Palmerton had, had been accomplished. But according to his own narrative Mr. Wycoff after dismissal had persistently sought for interviews with his lordship. His lordship's method of suppressing a once useful servant, one must admit was rather severe!

In my early New York City days there was an old actor, of the McKean Buchannan style that painted and dyed and strutted and out bellowed Typhon. For some reason (perhaps *that* was the reason) he had ceased to act, and advertised himself as a lawyer though—except as an attorney for himself in his various law-suits, nobody could even find that he ever had a client or any practice at the Bar. When he handed up his legal papers, which were always signed "George, the Count Joannes, Attorney," for Plaintiff, (or defendant, if he happened to be a defendant the cases were as a rule those which he brought himself against somebody or other upon some pretext or other.) The court would usually say "George Jones, attorney," upon which the seedy and stately old gentleman, (as I remember him, he had a wig and a heavy mustache both dyed-deep black but was otherwise clean shaven) would rise, bow low and say, "If your Honor please, I submit that I have as much right to my title as your Honor has to yours," I believe he never won any of his cases, however, and of course could not pay costs in defeat, and as everybody pitied the poor old man, no attempt was ever made by "His brother lawyers" (I am using his own phrase) to collect them, by precept. Whether he was in fact a lawyer or not, nobody ever knew, and it was nobody's cue to inquire. But every year, about the time of the Christmas holidays, "Count Joannes (his title of Count no more than his title of attorney and Counsellor at law and similarly was never, to my knowledge, ever inquired into,) would give a benefit to himself. He would rent a theatre for a night; get together a support and play Richard the Third or Hamlet (and perhaps other Shakespearean title-roles). On these occasions his houses were always packed. The gamin and the hoodlum enjoyed a night of pure fun. The police allowed the audiences to howl and guy and throw vegetables and aged eggs at the Count to their hearts content. But, guy as they might, they had to first pay their entrance money, and the Count

was always in funds for a while after one of these performances. Finally it occurred to him that there was a still more substantial profit to himself possible. He was willing to be guyed for a thousand dollars a night! So he hired an up-town theatre and charged the regular schedule of up-town prices. Boxes ten dollars, orchestra chairs two dollars, the rest in proportion. (I think it was Daly's but am not sure) for a fortnight. For the comfort of his supporting actors, he had a wire screen stretched in front of the stage to protect from the eggs and vegetables. It became a sort of fad to go and see the fun. I attended one night, and such bedlam I never saw before or since. The police permitted the joke and let every body howl, and pelt the wire netting with anything they pleased to throw (except of course dynamite bombs.) College students especially, had the time of their lives and the college calls were sometimes aduible in the din, (which was more than can be said of the lines of the play!) The play however was faithfully acted act by act and scene by scene. Somehow I only recall Hamlet and Richard the Third but possibly there were others. (Perhaps the Lady of Lyons or Richelieu.) The result was that the Count retired with a competence and his latter years were passed in enjoyment of at least the necessaries of life.

On one of these occasions Sothern, the actor (father of present E. H. Sothern) saw him, and forthwith produced a play, "The Crushed Tradgian" in which, with a slight plot he kept audiences roaring at himself in the title role made up exactly as George the Count Joannes himself. The latter began a suit against Sothern in the Supreme Court for libel and argued it himself, but as usual, did not prevail.

The "Count Joannes" had an imitator, who sought I suppose to also make a competency by doing his worst. James Owen O'Connor, was his name. He found engagements in the vaudeville houses of about the year 1888-1889. He would murder Hamlet, Macbeth and so on in most horrible fashion. But the audiences preferred the professional burlesque actor to the amateur George Jones, and he soon disappeared.

Appleton Morgan.

MARGINALIA

Our Frontispiece in this issue is a picture of Judge Vickery, the new President of the New York Shakespeare Society, in his noble library at Cleveland, Ohio.

Judge Vickery is fifty-two years old and has been at the bar a successful lawyer in active practice for twenty-four years. In 1908 he was elected a Judge of the Ohio Common Pleas Court, the highest court of nisi prius jurisdiction, besides which Judge Vickery is an officer and chief lecturer on the law of Contracts, Constitutional Law, and the law of Partnership in the Cleveland Law School, and he is also Vice-President and a Director of the great publishing house—the Arthur H. Clark Publishing Company. He is President of the Rowfant Bindery Company, formed for the Art binding of choice volumes, of which Art Judge Vickery is an enthusiastic connoisseur. He is ex-president of the Rowfant Club, one of the great Book-clubs of the United States, and a member of many other book clubs throughout the United States.

Judge Vickery has all his lifetime been a collector of rare works, mostly Dramatic and Shakespearean, and his collection of the Restoration Drama, especially of the re-written Shakespeare Plays, is especially complete. There is also in his collection the original copies of each of the First Four Folios of Shakespeare. His most notable contributions to the literature of the Drama have been a Translation of Ernest Renan's Caliban (a fanciful continuation of Shakespeare's Tempest, in which Caliban, upon the restoration of Prospero's dukedom, becomes a leader of the masses in revolt against all social regulations, but is ultimately subdued to his old state), and the first volume of the Bankside Restoration Series, (the Timon of Athens, as rewritten by Thomas Shadwell, edited by Judge Vickery in collaboration with Dr. Morgan).

It is believed by choosing a President from the great central state of Ohio that the Society will become national in scope and membership, as never before. Under Judge Vickery's administration the New York Shakespeare Society looks forward to increasing years of honor and of usefulness.

DR. ROLFE WRITES US THE FOLLOWING TO CALL ATTENTION TO OUR ERROR in NEW SHAKESPEAREANA of May, 1909, page 76, for which error we beg both Dr. Rolfe's and Mr. Oscar Fay Adams's pardon. Cambridge, October 5, 1909. Messrs. Editors: The statement that Mr. Oscar Fay Adams did not appear to have done any work on the Henry Irving Shakespeare is incorrect. As I was the means of securing his appointment to do the work, and as I was connected with it from first to last I know it to be incorrect. The facts in the case are briefly as follows: "When the Henry Irving Edition was planned the publishers the Messrs. Blaikie & Son, asked me to be one on the persons associated with its Editors Mr. Irving and Mr. Marshall, in editing a number of the Plays. On account of my plans and engagements and some minor matters, I declined to do this work, but recommended Mr. Adams (whom I had known for many years as a student and teacher, lecturer and author) for the service. I promised to help him in it as fas as possible, but my name was not to be used. This plan was carried out. Mr. Adams's name does not appear on the title page of any of the volumes but it does appear on the half-titles of the plays on which he worked, included in four or five of the volumes [I sent a list of these with volume and page in my former letter.] But cannot do it now. I am still unable to do much work of any kind. This is the first letter I have written for the past ten weeks or so. My copy of the Henry Irving edition has no mention, I think, of any American copyright for the work and I do not recollect that any such was referred to in my correspondence with the publishers."

Referring to a prior letter of same tenor which Dr. Rolfe wrote us in June last but which was lost by an accident in this office which destroyed the original make up of the September, 1909, NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

MR. ROBERT ATWATER SMITH, OF WASHINGTON, WRITES US AS FOLLOWS: Referring to Dr. Wallace's discoveries to which you devote the bulk of your December issue, may I note that in the British Dictionary of National Biography, (Article William Shakespeare) the writer explains the item "wm Shoxsper et Anna Whateley," in the marriage license of Nov. 27, 1852, (see the facsimile in NEW SHAKESPEAREANA of July 1906), as follows: "The husband of Anne (?) Whateley cannot be reasonably identified with the poet. He may well have been one of the numerous William Shakespeares who abounded in the parishes in the neighborhood of Stratford!" If there were "numerous William Shakespeares" among the few hundred men in and around Stratford, why should there not be also many "William Shakespeares" among the 300,000 inhabitants of London in the last decade of the 16th century and the first sixteen years of the 17th century? And where is

the proof that every time the name "William Shakespeare" is found in the London Public Records, or other documents, it always means "willm Schagfper" (1563-1616) of Stratford? It is an historical fact that, before 1593, (the year that "Venus and Adonis" was published with the name "Shakespeare" attached to a letter of dedication,) the name of the Stratford man is not found to have been written in that manner. It was "Shax", "Shox", "Shas", never "Shakes"-peare. Edward Malone (1741-1812), who examined the Stratford records in the 18th century, over 100 years ago, when they were in much better condition than now in the 20th century, states that the name of the Stratford man was never written with a final "e" before 1650. (See Halliwell-Phillipps' "Outlines", 1898, 19th edition, Vol. 2, p. 394.) In "Outlines", 5th edition, 1885, p. 257, Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps states: "There is also a difficulty in ascertaining if the final stroke of a word is an "e" or simply a flourish". (This statement disappears in all the subsequent editions, so far as I have examined.) Or, if that item of March 15, 1594-5, "Willm Kempe, Willm Shakefpeare and Richard Burbage, fervants to the Lord Chamberlyne" is not a forgery, as so many similar items have been proved to be, where is the proof that "Willm Shakefpeare" was willm Shagfper" of Stratford? But still other doubts accrue. In NEW SHAKESPEAREANA V. 51, you noted Sir Henry Maxwell Lytes' discovery of the entry in the Rutland House accounts for payment to "Mr. Shakespeare", for designing an effigy of some sort for his lordship (apparently the words are "about my Lord's impreso") and to Richard Burbage for "paynting and making yt". I would like to ask Dr. Wallace if *this* "Mr. Shakespeare" is identificable with the owner of the shares in the Black friars and the Globe? Or, with the variously-spelled "Shagsper" of Stratford-on-Avon?

The actual total amount of the money mentioned in the Stratford-on-Avon Shaksper's will was £366-15-4d. Very likely, to raise these amounts bequeathed in that will, it became necessary to sell off some of the property there recorded, to get sufficient cash to pay the sums mentioned in the will. As to the theatre shares, there is not the slightest evidence in the will itself that "willm Shagfper" possessed any at the time he made his will, nor is there any positive record that he ever possessed any. The will is silent as to theatrical Shares as it is to Plays. Dr. Wallace's Shakespeare drew £300 a year (about the equivalent of $25,000 to day) from theatrical properties. The Shaksper who made the Will did not have a sixpence in theatrical properties of any sort, so far as prima facie evidence goes. Is there any certainty that the theatre shares mentioned in 1598, in 1614 and other years as belonging to a "William Shakespeare" could not possibly have been the

property of some other man than the "willm Shagfper" who is accounted for every year after 1595 as a resident of Stratford?"

Our esteemed contemporary, Baconiana, for October, 1909, notes that it has held itself back until January, 1910, "in the hope that an important announcement might be first made public in our pages."

And thereby hangs a tale! In November last, it was conveyed to us that several gentlemen had quietly sailed for England, impressed by a new Cipher unearthed by Dr. Owen—the exact place and nature of which he nor they proposed to reveal—until results should have accrued. By following the instructions of this cipher the party in England, it was declared, had found the secret chamber in a house which, according to the cipher, leads directly to the river, and thence to the cliff where Bacon's entire library, consisting of manuscripts and books, has been concealed from the world for nearly three hundred years."Directions were circumstantial, and the party had found so far as they had gone, everything exactly as described in Bacon's cipher. In a cave on the side of "Wasp Hill" and bordering on the river they found the ledge on the face of a cliff accessible only at certain tides. A cave, oak tree, cliff and other landmarks told of in the cipher were there, and the party is more than ever convinced that they will find the library of the great essayist, philosopher, lawyer and courtier of Elizabeth's time and perhaps the solution of the Bacon Shakespeare controversy. The party by placing a forty-foot ladder on the ledge ascended the face of the cliff. There they found a piece of red mortar, as the cipher said they would. They have already begun to dig down to the cave."

So the announcement ran. Nothing further was announced, however, until those most interested in the matter advised us that the above announcement had been, to the least, premature; and then there was handed us this item, under date January 3, 1910: "Dr. Wm. H. Prescott, of Boston, who accompanied Dr. O. W. Owoen, of Detroit, to England to search for a cavern in a cliff upon which Chepstow Castle in Monmouthshire stands, says: 'I am so disappointed by what has occurred that I shall have nothing to say for some time to come'."

If this means the utter abandonment of this last (and most plausible in our opinion of the Ciphers) we can only say that we are sincerely sorry! New Shakespeareana has always treated the Bacon Theory with the respect due to a working hypothesis which has enlisted the labours of thousands of earnest and serious students and whose literature embraces hundreds of volumes. And so since there are probably not ten men in christen-

dom who have absolutely no doubt to some extent or other, as to the actual authorship, auctorial or theatrical of the plays—though very few have the courage to express our unfashionable doubt, we should have been more than delighted to have chronicled something to end our dubitation forever!

Books Received

352. The Verulam Shakes-peare. The Tragedy of Julius Caesar. Edited by Edwin Reed, A. M. Illustrations by F. K. Rogers. 16mo., cloth, pp. 102. Boston: The Coburn Company.

353. Johnson on Shakespeare. Essays and Notes selected and set forth with an Introduction. By Walter Raleigh. Cloth, sm. 12mo., pp. 206. London: Henry Frowde.

354. The Man Shakespeare. By Frank Harris. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 321. London: Michael Kennerley.

355. English Spelling and Spelling Reform. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, M. D. 12mo., cloth, pp. 300. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons.

356. The American of the Future and other Essays. By Brander Matthews. 12mo., cloth, pp. 400. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

357. Globe Theatre Aparrel. By Charles William Wallace, Ph. D., Associate Professor of English Language and Literature in The University of Nebraska Privately Printed for Presentation only. Paper, 8vo., pp. 11-12. Lincoln, Nebraska: The University of Nebraska Press.

558. The Shakespearean Stage. By Victor E Albright, Ph.D. Illustrated. Roxburge, Boards. 8vo., pp. 198. New York: The Columbia University Press, Macmillan Company.

359. The Classical Element in the Shakespeare Plays. By William Theobold. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 410. London: Robert Banks.

360. The Dream of Love—A Mystery. By Henry Abbey. sq. 12 mo., pp. 94, cloth. Cambridge. The Riverside Press.

355. We congratulate Dr. Lounsbury that his "English Spelling and Spelling Reform," does not deprive his readers of the benefits of his ripe learning by permitting his presidency of the Association for Reforming Other People's Spelling to interfere with his using the King's English quite properly orthographized. Some compensatory amenity, however, he must be permitted. And he gets it this wise:

There is no one subject upon which men, whether presumably or really intelligent, are in a state of more hopeless, helpless ignorance than upon that

of the nature and history of English orthography. No serious student of it can read the articles which appear in newspapers, the communications sent to them, or the elaborate essays found in periodicals, without being struck by the more than Egyptian darkness that prevails. * * * Many of these articles, too, contain mistakes of apprehension so gross that one comes to feel that in the discussion of this particular subject the limits of human incapacity to understand the simplest assertion have been reached.

The saintly John Bunyan said that Christian found an awful man-eating giant, who had grown so old that he could no longer devour travelers, but could only sit at the door of his cave and bite his nails and growl because he could not come at them. However, it is comfortable to know that one can any time be relieved of his "hopeless, helpless ignorance, by signing a little paper promising to use the reformed spelling "wherever convenient." Since the days of Chaucer ("A Grate man but no Speler"! as A. Ward said) English Orthography has been reforming itself. The simplified spelling Board remind us of the late Frank Stockton's story of the impatient young gentleman who set himself to work to assist Fate!

357. Although Dr. Wallace had proposed awaiting the full fruits of his search in the London Public Records office, it has become necessary—as we foresaw—to publish several matters to establish his own priority of discovery. For now that he has shown the way—of course there are plenty to follow it! This pamphlet contains a transcript of the pleadings of Joseph Taylor against John Heminges. John Garland, William Rowley, Robert Dawes and Thomas Hobbes, in Chancery, February 4th, 1612. (The Complainant, Joseph Taylor, was the actor at the Globe Theatre who, after 1619, succeeded to the Role of Hamlet when Burbage ceased playing it). The prayer of the bill is for an injunction restraining Heminges from prosecuting an action at law against Taylor for the price of certain costumes which Heminges, then of the Duke of York's Players and Manager of the Globe Theatre, sold to said Taylor and his fellow actors, Garland, Rowley, Dawes and Hobbes, but in which Heminges is endeavoring to collect the entire price of by said action against Taylor alone. The price of the costumary was to be eleven pounds; and for payment of this sum the above purchasers gave a bond conditioned in the sum of twenty pounds. Taylor alleges in his bill that he has never had the costumes at all, and prays for release from the bond and for an injunction against prosecution of the action for their price, alleging that he has no adequate remedy at common law—that he has been arrested and is held in custody for the amount of said penalty whereas the others are not arrested, alleging further a conspiracy of Hem-

inges with said Garland, Rowley, Dawes and Hobbess, to enable said Heminges to collect the entire sum of eleven, or twenty pounds, from him —Taylor. To this bill the said Garland, Rowley, Dawes and Hobbes answer that they had an agreement with Taylor to form a Company for the purpose of giving theatrical performances by reason of which they purchased the said costumary. And that they all were bound to each other to continue for three years to remain associated as a company of players in penalty of two hundred pounds, conditioned that if any one of them should leave said company that the wardrobe of said company should be the property of the remainder of the company which kept together, and that Taylor has withdrawn himself from said association and refuses to act with them in theatrical performances. Heminges for himself files a separate answer claiming that he had an election or option to begin an action for the value of the costumary against all or any one of the said purchasers; that he has brought his action at law against Taylor under said election "thinking him to be the best able to pay and discharge the same" and he denies any conspiracy "as most falsely and slanderously suggested" in the Brief of Complaint, etc., etc. The quaint pleadings (which however are precisely in form as any twentieth century lawyer would draft) are most interesting; and it is to be hoped that Dr. Wallace will be able to unearth the decree in the suit. Dr. Wallace is fully warranted in claiming that his discoveries, even as far as he has gone, necessitate a rewriting of the History of the English Stage. From out his happy inspiration to find the bottom facts as to the small phase of the Childrens' Companies, has already come upon a mass of discovery and chronicle that makes every student of the drama hope that he may be enabled to continue his researches in the English Public Records office and make it his life work.

354. Mr. Harris: as one cannot fail to discover before he reads far into this book, has written entertainingly. But it is, after all, the old Æsthetic Criticism! The criticism which requires a broken page—ten lines of prose commentary followed by an apt quotation in twenty lines of poetry. We can read either, and so such books are always easy reading. Mr. Harris, however, does what his predecessors, who make up the Man Shakespeare out of Shakespeare's delineations of the characters that move and act and suffer or triumph in his dramas. (As if Mr. Pinero or Mr. Belasco were only writing themselves into the plays they prepare for us twentieth century audiences!) don't alway do!—to wit—idolon or composite photograph. He proposes to demonstrate that, since he finds a sort of concordance in the characteristics of Hamlet, Macbeth, Romeo, Posthoumus,

Prospero, Brutus, Jacques, for example—the same trait or ur-Trait in each —that therefore that Ur-Trait must have been William Shakespeare himself! This is a refinement no doubt. But with our library shelves packed with these old and forgotten tomes of Esthetic criticism. (Gervinus, Schlegei, Elze, Ulrichi, nay, even Robert Waters, and the genius that used to write volumes under the senseless pen name of "Cleila" ("Christ in Shakespeare," "God in Shakespeare" and what not!) it is after all, vanity and vexation of spirit! The Shakespeare Plays consort some eight hundred characters. Why cannot Mr. Harris give us more combinations, Say Iago, Pisanio Parolles, or Dogberry, or Elbow Dogberry Bardolph and Pistol, or Apemantus, or Thersites Iago, and find the composite photograph of these authors to have been the Man Shakespeare?

* * *

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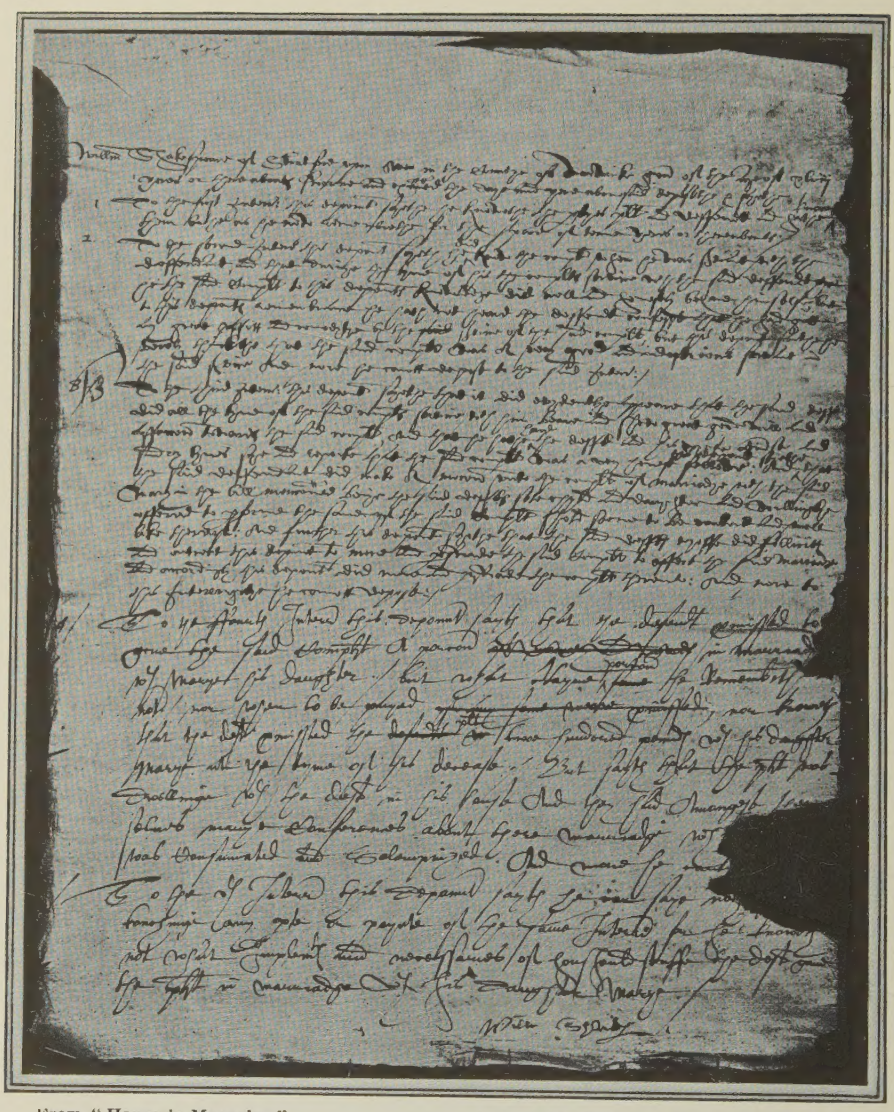

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Fac-simile of Deposition of William Shakespeare Gent., of Stratford-super-Avon Warwickshire—a witness on behalf of the Plaintiff in Stephen Belott v Christopher Mountjoie—under a Writ compulsory ad testificandum out of the Court of Requests. May 7, 1612. (Deposition dated May 11, 1612).

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